

To the wonder

by Dreams-of-Ambrosia

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Summary: Their laws were made to find armistice amongst Factions, hitherto, there is inequality, subjectivity overseen amongst leaders and how they decide upon their kind. It is such reasoning that brought resolve to her... not to be one sole thing, but to be a whole, to find a weighing scale in between. After all, What are rules for if not to be broken?

To the wonder

Notes:

Hello guys and gals. After skimming through many Divergent stories and now several movies I gathered some thoughts of what I would like to see developed in our beloved characters. Add to it an OC, a few underlined storylines and timelines, furthering some aftermaths of the book and their venturing into 'idea' of Factions.

Here I leave this first chapter of quite a few I have in mind. Bear with me, please, this is the first time I commit to a story the way I am at the moment, other than several blogging, indie rps and such, at tumblr, I have not tried personification of pre made characters. I appreciate every single comment that gives me light on what to keep doing with this and what to correct.

Affectionate Salutes to All, yours truly, S.

Disclaimer: I own nothing. Unfortunately.

\* \* \*

><p>It took eighteen years, three months, twenty-two days and quite a few tortuous hours for her to grasp an ever-intelligible sense of what life is about. It was not until her hand barred oozing blood from her sternum that everything became clearâ€| strenuous upbringing of hers hadn't been faulted to circumstances forced upon her, but resolves she had made on her own. Thea had been aware of casualties,

taken choice of the how and when of her reactsâ€¦| frankly, it had been quite awhile since the last time she had bore accountability of her own mishaps, at least, she figured it would be better late than never again.<p>

It was unanticipated really, to left for death by whom you thought a friend while the lone individual you ought to feel hate towards, even when you love with the entirety of your being, is the last one shrouding right into your thoughts before surrounds impend to wither to blackness. Death remains to be inescapable, someone told her soâ€¦| or perhaps she had read such along lines of some book, does it matter where or when? No, it doesn't. Not when there are many, and quite pointless, arguments wedged in her throat, words she had silenced even when she had felt necessity to let them be spoken. Not truths per say, but rather sentiments she restrained at nadir of her heart in fear her emotions would betray her sensibility.

To hell with it. All of it. It took fatalness for Thea to be assured that prejudice is no more than an alibi for self-guard, that apathy is rubbish when it comes to those she cares for the most. There she lay in a tarn of her own blood such finality that resolve to let herself feel was futile, allotting emotions to take over when most of them she had fought hard to keep at bay was rather hopelessâ€¦| there is no one there to hear, to know. This is how her life met completion; no trace of existence would be left of her but the meagre façade she had pervaded in mind of those who cared enough to get to know her. Those few that she had permitted herself to get close to.

Hatred shouldn't be permeated in anyone's final moments, not when realize of truth overcomes fear, indubitably not when the remnants of life slips through fingers along with the lasts of breathes. Thea huffs with burden, scourging at herself for dismissing every opportunity she had to do right by others. Even when she can't move much, hazel eyes scour with urgency for a pair of known ones, where is he? Amongst chaos there is little to recognize, rivals quarrel with brutal force while the distant echo of armistice seems to be further away with each rattle of fists. Her lips part but no sound can be heard, how could anything be heard above the furore of screams embroiling her own? Right hand strained to enclose the humid soil beneath her in a feeble way to ascertain some control over her movements, left one pressing weightily against the protruding abrasion at her flank, nevertheless, there was irrevocability to the aftermath of quite a gruelling wound, blood gushing with vigour from flesh through her fingers without a proper blockade to restrain loss.

And just like that, with a last overwrought laugh, she felt herself slowly and mournfully letting go.

\* \* \*

><p>Thea woke with a gasp. Hazel eyes welcoming the soft illuminate of sun peeking through her blinds while the beeping sound of an alarm made her hand trawl for the near clock. Nightmares were not frequent, but lately her nights had been crowded with unwelcomed delusions that left her worn down by dusk. Standing from the comfort of her bed, the petite brunet ambled towards a near mirror, the sight before her being one she could no longer recognize. Shadows were cast along the rim of her almond eyes, olive flesh pale while messy tendrils grazed

along her cheeks giving appearance of disarray rather than refinement she ought to portray. Thea sighed tiredly, fingers rubbing exasperatedly at her eyes trying to ease away any remnants of sleepiness. That day could be her last to enjoy the quietude her home provided, everything that she owned would be left behind, however, there was no sentimentality to be spared. She was daughter to a leader, and with the choosing ceremony a few hours away, everyone waited with heartiness for her to decide and follow her father's ways. That would not occur, not in their lifetime.<p>

Faction. An allocate where each and every other would find a home in. From abnegation to Erudite, Dauntless to Amity then Candourâ€| five to elect from, and yet, none of them felt right for her.

Thea was educated to be sincere, brutally so, to give away the entirety of her thoughts without regard of another's sentiments. Never to hold secrecy, to double-cross or speak untruthâ€| be candid, they told, and so they expected more than she ought to give.

Yes, she remains forthright, more often than not she believes in being honourableâ€| howbeit, opposite to her father's endorsements, she is riled up quite painlessly and feels no compunction in outsmarting another, even if deceits are inclusive in order to achieve such. Thea would not permit educated traits to be used as a deterrent to bully those who are true to their nature. She has seen far too many be afflicted by something that is alleged as a virtue rather than a liability.

There is bias in her kinfolk, even when others veer to overlook; she is not about to do the same. Thea made a decision long ago, not due to irritation, that wouldn't be reason for her to abandon her faction, but due awareness of circumstancesâ€| why must Abnegation be so self-sacrificing and receive naught but indignity for it? Why must Dauntless bout for what is just by whatever means and Erudite seek for every answer to subdue curiosity without remorse of costs and see no heinous in such opposed to the rest of the factions?

Absurd is to be coerced as an allegiant to rules when there is something not quite fitting in them. Laws were made to find armistice amongst humanity, yet there is inequality, subjectivity overseen amongst leaders and how they decide upon their kind. Thea resolved not to be one sole thing, but to be a whole, to find a weighing scale in between.

Still, she is no fool to believe her aspire is as viable as it might sound, there would be need to sacrifice not only her life's stability, but her own subsistence, and if possessing bravery is to be necessary in order to attain her commitment, then she would have to find a way to gather up enough to endeavour in her quest.

The feeling itself had been constantly worrying, rare to be pondered even, she knew as much, and to further uncertainties, suspicions were confirmed the moment her aptitude test went south. Ezekiel Pedrad, the one in charge of her assessment, disclosed her results as inconclusiveâ€| and for once, dire of her existence became the thrust needed to break free from hesitanceâ€| her malady finally had a name, one Thea would have to keep quiet within a Faction were lies were indictable and truth was required to be part of, a name that will be both burden and salvation for years to comeâ€| divergent.

So that she would beâ€¦ but only at hide rather than dead in plain sight.

A thump against a wooden door ruined tranquillity for her. That was it, the moment her future would be decided approached more promptly than she would like, even when something told her that it had been settled from the moment she was born into a fragmented world. "Just a momentâ€¦ I'll be right out". Thea's response was hurried. Feet scrabbling as they made their way to a near bureau, fingers fiddling with each piece of clothing she owned until she found something she felt comfortable with. Dressed in pristine clothes, a white dress with nothing more than plain cotton and black nylon covering her legs before boots, Thea took one last breath before opening the door and peeking outside, her brother, Mathias, stood behind her door with a knowing smile and mirthful eyes.

"Well hello there sisterâ€¦ ready to take your pick? So many options, too little timeâ€¦ what is it to be?". The oldest of siblings mocked her, index finger prodding at her cheek flippantly. Perhaps the gesture was meant to bring some sense of light-heartedness to the situation, rather than to incite annoyance in her.

"If I didn't know better, dear brother, I would say you are only concerned in whether or not father will like me better than you after today". Thea scrunched her nose playfully while hauling him by the arm and through the corridor towards the outside of her so called home.

Mathias chuckled at her response, however no words were exchanged after that. Instead, they indulged on feeble tease through their promenade, most of the talk carefree as neither of them wanted to acknowledge the big, mighty, elephant in the room, figuratively speaking. It wasn't much, but Mathias had provided a sense of calmness, as always, that was why she knew he would be alright no matter what she chose to become.

Tall buildings, countless people and many reminders of what would happen to her if she deserted, were walked by. Nothing mattered anymore, after the choosing ceremony everything would become past, and she no longer bound be pondered about but reasonably forgotten. There is not much to be missed other than her brother, Mathias could be a pain in her arse, but still she loves him nonetheless, and then there is the remembrance of her mother, Thea doesn't recall much of her, nothing really but the melodiousness of her voice as she crooned a soft lullaby for her to sleep at nights. She is gone now, her father might be alone but he too knows how to handle himself just right.

She wouldn't be harmed if she played her cards right, which is what matters at the moment.

By the time they reached the compound where the ceremony would take place, there were many others looming at the entrance of the auditorium. It was not until then that Thea felt nerviness curl in her belly, hands wilting before she fisted the bottom hem of her dress to ease away her anxiety. It wouldn't be long now.

"Here we are little sister". Mathias's semblance had lost all its mischievousness, instead, there was rigidity swathing his features, lips pressed in a firm line while his hand pressed at her back to

guide her onward. Together they sauntered through the front doors of The Hub, heads bowing every once and again to salute to those they knew. The place was crowded and punctual as they were they couldn't find a seat at the back so they settled in two vacant chairs at the third row. His father stood by the side of the Candor segment talking to a light haired woman, Jeannine Matthews, she recognized her immediately since she had visited her home quite a few times in the past. Whatever they were conversing about it seemed to be of significance, her father's brows frowned in a way she was acquainted with, he was considering something. Right before she could get some insight of their conversation she felt a light bump to her shoulder.

"Are you OK? You seem to be more pensive than usual". Her brother probed. Thea nodded and offered a half smile. There was no need to include him in her nosiness, besides, roaring applause swerved their attention to the front of the room. Jeannine's voice soon became the focal point of the evening.

"The factions system is a living being composed of cells; all of you. And the only way it can survive and thrive is for each of you to claim your rightful place. The future belongs to those who know where they belong". How wrong she was. If only they knew of Thea's three factions were affable to her according to her test results, Erudite, Abnegation and Dauntless, the third of them being the one she would have to be akin to in order to outlive her days.

One after the other was called after Marcus Eaton's brief introduction. "When you leave this room, you will no longer be dependents, but full-fledged members of our society. Faction before blood". He had claimed. And so, each sixteen year old took task of choosing, name after another was ordered to the front, each taking their time to pick the lesser of evils. Frankly, Thea had lost track of time, head being brim-full of thoughts whilst hazel hues of hers remained fastened to five boules allocated in front.

"Althea Walker".

If there were a time where her name being called sounded as the most appalling thing that would be it. Slowly, but surely, the brunet made her way through the aisle and up the set of stairs leading to the stage. Her breathing had thickened significantly, apprehensions coming about while Thea fought to keep her hands from quivering.

There were five vessels in front of her and a dagger within her grasp. Long gone were the speeches about those who preceded them, formalities as well as every other celebratory regime completed, now it was time for her to let others know of her made up mind. It wouldn't be hard, would it? Even when everyone's eyes were settled on her and the little piece of titanium about to puncture the rind of her hand, there was no wrong in choosing a different faction than her own; others did so. 'Well, let's get on with it'. Brunet thought.

Water, the possibility of boundless knowledge that could be acquired if desired. Pebbles, altruistic mannerisms with slight regard for your own wellbeing. Glass, the bane of her existence, for truth shall prevail above all. Soil, ever going contentment as well as placidity for the rest of days. Then, at last, sweltering coal

self-determination, yet endangerment for her kind, to be bare for others to know, bravery as their focal trait, countless things could go wrongâ€| but what if...

The puncture of metal against the tender of her palm made her wince. Teeth prowling onto her lower lip to keep herself from whimpering while blood found its way to the plane of her hand. 'Don't overthink, do as you plannedâ€| act confident, and whatever you do, please don't you dare fall on your arse'. She scolded.

The sound of scorch brought lurid applause to her. A soft curve finding way to her lips while many cheered for their newest comrade. There it was, she had decided at last, things could only go downhill from then, there was nothing to do at the time but to be optimisticâ€|so, she joined them in merriments, uproar of their voices working as encouragement for her to keep up. And for better or worst her choice had been made.

Dauntless.

Those who were attired from head to toe in abundance of black soon left the auditorium when the last of names had been clamoured. And soon as they were unconfined from The Hub, their feet heaved against the asphalt as they run with frenzy to the metallic compound holding the rails. How could she forget? Dauntless were known for their prowess at mounting the impeding train circumventing the city. This would be her first task to earn their approval, to be audacious enough to clamber the steeled structure and join the ride leading to her new life. Well, just when life had gotten a bit brighter, this had to happen. Thea had insufficient strength, she knew so, but mind over matter, she ignored the ache within her fist and commenced her ascent.

"One shaft, then the other, Thea, don't stress, justâ€| do it, goddammit". Over and again, her hand slithered, feet stumbled, but she kept going until the very top came to view. The vibrate of the train's howl sufficiently close to make adrenaline pump through her veins.

"Hey, Candorâ€| What are you waiting for? Hop in". A lean Amity male bawled. Hand motioning for her to start moving by the time the others jumped inside some of the accessible wagons. One after another they disappeared within the confine of steeled walls. There was no time to hesitate, so she forced her march. Even when she was not strong as many, Thea was maven and fast; many years enjoying the secrecy of her morning escapades had provided her with resilience. Running was not the problem, hauling her body's weight into the moving wagon was another thing altogether.

"Fuck it". The brunette cussed once she reached the side of the train. Her left hand sought metal door, bidding her time to the rim of the platform then tossing her form to the side, knee bruising as it smashed the edging of the wagon, splinter of metal shredding the seam of her dress by the time her flank collapsed to within the moving vehicle.

Turning to rest on her back, the young apprentice breathed for the first time in long. A laugh given at the impossibility she felt in that moment. She was dauntless. Her secret kept safe for another day, or at least for as long as no one noticed the variability in her

reactions. " 'bout time, coxcomb". A dark haired female taunted from her side making her gawk towards the others. "â€" You wouldn't have made us look good if you squashed on the ground".

Her lips curled to a smirk. "Couldn't have that, could we? Sorry, I like to take my time with things". Thea knew she would need a support system if she fancied beating her odds and survive in such a precarious faction, why not try and make alliance with others in a similar situation? It could be helpful. Sitting straight, she upheld her hand as salute. "Thea". The introduction was given, now it was up to the other to accept or deny.

It took a moment longer than necessary, but the shorthaired one took her hand and shook it. "Christina".

"Enough with the pleasantries, you twats. We are not here to be friendly". A tall and rather idiotic, for an Erudite that is, brute pestered. "Right now we're all competition".

"Fuck off peter". Christina hissed, eyes narrowing at the asshole while she stood from the ground, chin held up high to show little care for his self-centeredness.

Not taking for granted the acquaintanceship made, Thea stood along her newfound partner, chortling at her retort before tidying what remained of her dress. Which was now torn and cluttered, so much for hardy fabrics. Didn't matter though, as soon as their feet touched Dauntless territory they would be most likely to be stripped from their belongings and forced into new apparels. There wasn't much to hope for, or choose from, from blackâ€" to dark, oh wait, to far more murky too.

Guarding her place by the opening of the car, the Candor born sought for any familiar sight. There wasn't much to look there; ruins adorned every inch at distance, from little to even less trace of humanity left along streets and buildings. Factionless probably found refuge amongst deserted areas, other than that, there was nothing to it than filth as a remainder of glory there used to be. Thea sighed. Head resting to her right against the edge of the steeled entrance while heeding to tedious talk her companions indulged in. Names were tossed from left to right; apparently quite a few Erudite had transferred to her now faction, there was Will, Edward, Myra was it? And a quite terrifying girl named Mollyâ€" then there was Peter, the douche. An upside of it was Albert, he appeared to be quiet, Thea recognized him from Candor's many halls and natters, him along with Christina were the only two she could see herself being amicable with. Hopefully.

Hollering warned them of a change in sceneries and suddenly everyone started battering against one another. "They are jumping". Christina stated a fact.

"Yeahâ€" easy enough to get into Dauntless right?". Thea finalized scratching at the nape of her neck, teeth grueling at her bottom lip while being pensive of just how the hell she is going to get through. Nervous habit acquired through infancy, and not a good one, she must admit.

The end of the road approached and with it the last chance to go at it. "Now or never. Literally". Thea grunted before offering her hand

to the shorter girl, lithe smirk following along with her words. "â€ Shall we?". And so they went.

Gravel shredded whatever remnant unsoiled of her worn. Knees charred with pain at newfound wounds, her head throbbing considerably by suddenness of their clash. At least they were alive. For now.

"Alright, listen up. I'm Eric. I'm one of your leaders. If you want to enter Dauntless, this is the way in". A tall, fair haired man spoke with an air of arrogance about him, apparently he made reference to the gigantic hole beneath as he stands at the edge of the rooftop. "â€ And if you don't have the guts to jump, then you don't belong in Dauntless".

Another voice soon joined in. "Is there water at the bottom or something?". Bad idea for Will to interject, plainly he lacked of some self-preservation inkling.

>"I guess you'll find out". The male responded with a sort of insufferable leer. "â€ Or not".<p>

Christina stood by her looking deflated. "We just jumped, they want us to jump again?"

"Well someone's gotta go first, who's it gonna be?". Eric told with gibe in his tenor.

Here was the first of many things she would have to do in order to fit in. To meddle. Surely it would be inconsistent to make them jump into a ditch after electing their Faction, in light of it, Thea understood it was nothing but an added challenge, a rite of initiation to give them an idea of just who they were and what they were willing to do in order to be part of themâ€| another to join their little quarrel.

"I'll give it a try". Thea shrugged feigning bravery. The hazel-eyed girl moseyed closer to the brink, gaze following the fall she was to take before stepping on the verge. Another breath, a bit of self-indulge and reprimand and she gave herself a point for being idiotic enough take the first leap. "â€ here goes nothing". Petite one muttered before hurdling into the void, arms extended along her sides as she did so while a high pitch scream was kept tight in her throat.

The thumb and crack never came.

Her form promptly vaulted on a net, laughter leaving her rose lips while her hands seized said haven in a firm hold. The victory, however, was short lived, as soon as she had found comfort in stability Thea lost it, the moment was taken away when another hauled down the net and she was forced to the side and into a pair of strong hands plucking her up easily and placing her back to safety.

"What, you get pushed?". Molten bronze met hazel and the entirety of her word repertory got worryingly caught at the back of her gullet.

"Iâ€| No. Of course I was not". Thea managed as she fiddled to shove down the brim of her dress.



"What's your name?". Molten Bronze questioned.

Thea hesitated for a moment. If she gave away her name people would associate her with one of Candor's leaders, form a misconception of her at sight and she would be bound to explications she did not feel like giving. Perhaps giving herself another, familiar yet short one, would be best suitable for her intent.

"Is it a hard one? You can pick a new one if you want, but make it good. You don't get to pick again". Mr Muscle and lure stated without trouncing around matters.

"Thea".

"First jumper: Thea!" Molten bronze declared boisterously. "Welcome to Dauntless".

It was the hint of a smile ornamenting his lips that gave her nous of relieve. Perhaps Dauntless wouldn't be as hard to be part of.

Or so she thought.

Notes:

Here the end of this firstmost Chapter, I hope you all enjoyed it and let me know, giving a little review always encourages me to keep up and update sooner. Have a lovely day!

End  
file.